

Abb. I Sir, a Mifterie.

Clo. Painting Sir, I haue heard say, is a Mifterie; and your Whores fir, being members of my occupation, v-
ling painting, do proue my Occupation, a Mifterie: but
what Mifterie there should be in hanging, if I should
be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abb. Sir, it is a Mifterie.

Clo. Prooue.

Abb. Euerie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

Clo. If it be too little for your theefe, your true man
thinks it bigge enough. If it bee too bigge for your
Theefe, your Theefe thinks it little enough: So euerie
true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

Enter Prouost.

Pro. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serue him: For I do finde your Hang-
man is a more penitent Trade then your Bawd: he doth
oftner aske forgiuenesse.

Pro. You sirrah, prouide your blocke and your Axe
to morrow, foure a clocke.

Abb. Come on (Bawd) I will instruct thee in my
Trade: follow.

Clo. I do desire to learne sir: and I hope, if you haue
occasion to vse me for your owne turne, you shall finde
mey are. For truly sir, for your kindnesse, I owe you a
good turne. *Exit*

Pro. Call hether Barnardine and Claudio:
Th'one has my pitie; not a jot the other,
Being a Murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Looke, here's the Warrant Claudio, for thy death,
Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow
Thou must be made immortall. Where's Barnardine?

Cla. As fast lock'd vp in sleepe, as guiltlesse labour,
When it lies starkely in the Trauellers bones,
He will not wake.

Pro. Who can do good on him?
Well go, prepare your selfe. But hark, what noise?
Heauen giue your spirits comfort: by, and by,
I hope it is some pardon, or repreece
For the most gentle Claudio. Welcome Father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best, and wholsomst spirits of the night,
Inuollop you, good Prouost: who call'd heere of late?

Pro. None since the Curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabell?

Pro. No.

Duke. They will then er't be long.

Pro. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Pro. It is a bitter Deputie.

Duke. Not so, nor so: his life is paralel'd
Euen with the stroke and line of his great Iustice:
He doth with holie abstinence subdue
That in himselfe, which he spurs on his powre
To qualifie in others: were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous,
But this being so, he's iust. Now are they come,
This is a gentle Prouost, sildome when
The steeld Gaoler is the friend of men:
How now? what noise? That spirit's posselt with hast,
That wounds th'vnstiffing Posterne with these strokes.

Pro. There he must stay vntill the Officer
Arise to let him in: he is call'd vp.

Duke. Haue you no countermand for Claudio yet?

But he must die to morrow?

Pro. None Sir, none.

Duke. As neere the dawning Prouost, as it is,
You shall heare more ere Morning.

Pro. Happely

You something know: yet I beleue there comes
No countermand: no such example haue we:
Besides, vpon the verie siege of Iustice,
Lord Angelo hath to the publike eare
Profest the contrarie.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his Lords man.

Pro. And heere comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My Lord hath sent you this note,
And by mee this further charge:
That you sweue not from the smallest Article of it,
Neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.
Good morrow: for as I take it, it is almost day.

Pro. I shall obey him.

Duke. This is his Pardon purchas'd by such sin,
For which the Pardoner himselfe is in:
Hence hath offence his quicke celeritie,
When it is borne in high Authority.
When Vice makes Mercie; Mercie's so extended,
That for the faults loue, is th'offender friended.
Now Sir, what newes?

Pro. I told you:
Lord Angelo (be-like) thinking me remisse
In mine Office, awakens mee
With this vnwonted putting on, methinks strangely:
For he hath not vs'd it before.

Duk. Pray you let's heare.

The Letter.

Whatsoeuer you may beare to the contrary, let Claudio be ex-
ecuted by foure of the clocke, and in the afternoone Bernar-
dine: For my better satisfaction, let mee bane Claudius
head sent me by five. Let this be duely performed with-
thought that more depends on it, then we must yet deliuer.
Thus faile not to doe your Office, as you will answere it at
your perill.

What say you to this Sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be execu-
ted in th'afternoone?

Pro. A Bohemian borne: But here nurst vp & bred,
One that is a prisoner nine yeeres old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not
either deliuer'd him to his libertie, or executed him? I
haue heard it was euer his manner to do so.

Pro. His friends still wrought Repreece for him:
And indeed his fact till now in the gouernment of Lord
Angelo, came not to an vndoubtfull prooue.

Duke. It is now apparant?

Pro. Most manifest, and not denied by himselfe.

Duke. Hath he borne himselfe penitently in prison?
How seemes he to be touch'd?

Pro. A man that apprehends death no more dread-
fully, but as a drunken sleepe, carelesse, wreaklesse, and
fearelesse of what's past, present, or to come: insensible
of mortality, and desperately mortall.

Duke. He wants aduice.

Pro. He will heare none: he hath euermore had the li-
berty of the prison: giue him leaue to escape hence, hee
would not. Drunke many times a day, if not many daies
entirely drunke. We haue verie oft awak'd him, as if to
carrie him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming war-
rant for it, it hath not moued him at all.

Duke.

Duke. More of him anon: There is written in your
brow Prouost, honesty and constancie; if I reade it not
truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the boldnes
of my cunning, I will lay my selfe in hazard: Claudio,
whom heere you haue warrant to execute, is no greater
forfeit to the Law, then Angelo who hath sentenc'd him.
To make you vnderstand this in a manifested effect, I
crave but foure daies respit: for the which, you are to
do me both a present, and a dangerous courtiesie.

Pro. Pray Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Pro. Alacke, how may I do it? Hauing the houre li-
mited, and an expresse command, vnder penaltie, to de-
liuer his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my
case as Claudio's, to crosse this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you,
If my instructions may be your guide,
Let this Barnardine be this morning executed,
And his head borne to Angelo.

Pro. Angelo hath scene them both,
And will discouer the fauour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disguiser, and you may
adde to it; Shaue the head, and tie the beard, and say it
was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'd before his
death: you know the course is common. If any thing
fall to you vpon this, more then thanks and good for-
tune, by the Saint whom I professe, I will plead against
it with my life.

Pro. Pardon me, good Father, it is against my oath.
Duke. Were you sworne to the Duke, or to the De-
putie?

Pro. To him, and to his Substitutes.

Duke. You will thinke you haue made no offence, if
the Duke auouch the iustice of your dealing?

Pro. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty; yet since
I see you fearfull, that neither my coate, integrity, nor
perswasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further
then I meant, to plucke all feares out of you. Looke
you Sir, heere is the hand and Seale of the Duke: you
know the Character I doubt not, and the Signet is not
strange to you?

Pro. I knew them both.

Duke. The Contents of this, is the returne of the
Duke; you shall anon ouer-reade it at your pleasure:
where you shall finde within these two daies, he will be
heere. This is a thing that Angelo knowes not, for hee
this very day receiues letters of strange tenor, perchance
of the Dukes death, perchance entering into some Mor-
nasterie, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Looke,
th'vnfolding Starre calles vp the Shepheard; put not
your selfe into amazement, how these things should be;
all difficulties are but easie vwhen they are knowne. Call
your executioner, and off with Barnardines head: I will
giue him a present shrift, and aduise him for a better
place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely re-
solue you: Come away, it is almost cleere dawne. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. I am as well acquainted heere, as I was in our
house of profession: one would thinke in vvere Mistris

Over-don: owne house, for heere be manie of her olde
Customers. First, heere's yong Mr. Rafe, hee's in for a
commoditie of browne paper, and olde Ginger, nine
score and seuteene pounds, of which hee made fise
Markes readie money: marrie then, Ginger was not
much in request, for the olde Women vvere all dead.
Then is there heere one Mr. Caper, at the suite of Master
Three-Pile the Mercer, for some foure suites of Peach-
colour'd Satten, which now peaches him a beggar.
Then haue vve heere, yong Dixie, and yong Mr. Deepe-
vow, and Mr. Copperpurre, and Mr. Starue-Lackey the Ra-
pier and dagger man, and yong Drop-heere that kild lu-
stie Pudding, and Mr. Forblight the Tilter, and braue Mr.
Shootie the great Traueller, and wilde Halfe-Canne that
stab'd Pots, and I thinke fortie more, all great doers in
our Trade, and are now for the Lords sake.

Enter Abhorson.

Abb. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hether.

Clo. Mr. Barnardine, you must rise and be hang'd,
Mr. Barnardine.

Abb. What hoa Barnardine.

Barnardine within.

Bar. A pox o' your throats: who makes that noyse
there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends Sir, the Hangman:
You must be so good Sir to rise, and be put to death.

Bar. Away you Rogue, away, I am sleepeie.

Abb. Tell him he must awake,
And that quickly too.

Clo. Pray Master Barnardine, awake till you are ex-
ecuted, and sleepe afterwards.

Ab. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is coming Sir, he is coming: I heare his
Straw ruffle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abb. Is the Axe vpon the blocke, sirrah?

Clo. Verie readie Sir.

Bar. How now Abhorson?

What's the newes vwith you?
Abb. Truly Sir, I would desire you to clasp into your
prayers: for looke you, the Warrants come.

Bar. You Rogue, I haue bin drinking all night,
I am not fittet for't.

Clo. Oh, the better Sir: for he that drinks all night,
and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleepe the
founder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abb. Looke you Sir, heere comes your ghostly Fa-
ther: do weiest now thinke you?

Duke. Sir, indued by my charitie, and hearing how
hastily you are to depart, I am come to aduise you,
Comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I haue bin drinking hard all night,
and I will haue more time to prepare mee, or they shall
beat out my braines with billets: I will not consent to
die this day, that's certaine.

Duke. Oh sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you
Looke forward on the iournie you shall go.

Bar. I sweare I will not die to day for anie mans per-
swasion.

Duke. But heare you:

Bar. Not a word: if you haue anie thing to say to me,
come to my Ward: for thence will not I to day.

Enter Prouost.

Duke. Vnfit to liue, or die: oh grauell heart.

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After